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Chapter 1

Everything is pleasantly warm. Step by step I notice the light. It's getting so bright that I turn around to get more shade. I feel a hand around my side and stomach as I roll over. I think he's still asleep. Anyway, I want to go back to sleep! Sun please go away for a few hours. I still want to sleep! I snuggle more comfortably into the covers again and slowly fall asleep again, but I can already hear the footsteps coming to wake me up. I want to, but not move my body. I already hear whimpering and shortly afterwards something wet and cold presses against my mouth with not much pressure.

I immediately jump up wide awake and wipe my mouth while hearing a faint panting that sounds like she's laughing. "Kira! I'm tired!", I make it clear to her quietly. She has her mouth open and tongue out while I feel like I can make out a grin. She's been bugging me for days. She's whimpering again. I love her, but it still doesn't work that way! I ask quietly: "What's the matter with you, you annoying cuddly dog?" She's whimpering again. I sit on the edge of the bed. "Do you really have to go outside?", I whisper to her and she walks to the door. I sigh and stand up before glancing at my husband, who fortunately is still asleep.

I freeze quickly from the comparison of the air to our bed. I'd love to lie down with him again, but first it's our dog's turn. I put on a coat so I'm not quite so naked and at least have something against the cold while I go barefoot to our dog. Tired, I follow her while I'm freezing. She runs through the hallway and down the stairs. I'm sure only the cooks are awake right now. I walk down the beautiful stairs of the palace and look out of the windows where I can see the light and life outside. I'm glad Soviet agreed that those big windows are a good idea.

After two floors we arrive at the bottom and go through the doors opposite the main gate into the inner garden. The willows here are beautiful. Every little flower is so pretty! I sit down on the bench under the big tree. Kira snoops around and goes about her business

while I wish I'd at least put on pants. At least I'll soon be under a warm and cozy blanket again. I'm really looking forward to the warmth of our bed. I'm hoping to get a few more hours of sleep before I get scared like I always do when I see my father. I don't trust my father, but at least he doesn't mind that I own his former country and fortunately he doesn't seem to have much against me now either.

I'm glad he doesn't hurt me anymore, but I still can't forgive him. I'm haunted by his attempt to kill me to this day and I still have nightmares about the flames...not only that, I even have panic attacks sometimes, but luckily I have my husband there. He always manages to calm me down. I am incredibly lucky to have him and our children. Each of them are a treasure to me. I love the part of my family that loves me unconditionally... Well, every once in a while I'm not sure if Kira loves me unconditionally because she doesn't listen to me on walks that often, but rather to my husband because he always carries the treats for her.

But I can't look into her head and every now and then she listens to me, she loves my butt and ear scratches and leftovers of food from me, she loves too. Speaking of which, where is she? I look into the distance and don't see her, so I turn my head to the door and see a shadow in front of me. I'm shocked for a moment, but quickly realize that it's just Kira, which calms me down. She is sitting to my right in front of the wooden bench. I pet her head and I say: "Come on! Let's go back to bed." When I get up, she gets up too and walks ahead as we go to the door of the palace.

I walk quietly to the stairs, which Kira runs up with a head start. I climb the many steps. That's the annoying thing about these stairs, too many steps. After a while I get upstairs and walk her down the halls to Soviet and mine's bedroom. I close the door again and slowly close the thick curtains, which I forgot yesterday, before I take off my coat again, hang it up and sit down on the bed again. Once again I look at Kira, who has lain back on her mattress, before I lie down, lift the blanket slightly and roll under the still warm blanket. My husband doesn't look at me, but I don't mind.

I just lie back and relax, mumbling into the covers before the tiredness kicks in. My body is getting heavier and I fall asleep again.

A few hours later I'm woken up by a kiss on the cheek. I don't get up, but lie down so I can get another kiss on the lips. Shortly thereafter, I feel the blanket lowering next to me and await the kiss, which fortunately I get immediately. As his warm lips rest on mine, I slowly open my tired eyes. I smile into the kiss, which lasted a few seconds. He gently removes his lips from mine and I look into his eyes, which seem like they are made of gold.

I wrap an arm around him and move closer to his face as I look deep into his eyes. I bring our lips together and wrap one of my wings around him. Soviet puts his hands on my cheeks and I move closer to him. After our kiss, he hugs me. I giggle happily and wrap my arms around him. I am happily married to Soviet. We have lively loving children, we have four wonderful pets, we have united our three countries with our three peoples who love us and we have each other. I wish for nothing more than to enjoy every moment with this happiness, which I do. I'm happy!

Chapter 2

I love everything I have, especially my family with Soviet. I don't know if it will last forever, but I hope he and I can grow old together. I really hope our family stays this way. Our children have their own rooms in the palace and most of them are almost of age. We've also taken in two orphans, named Austria and Hungary. Both are of royal blood and are my half-siblings. Their mother's empire is now mine. Their mother was also my mother, but unfortunately, she and their father died a few years ago at the hands of an unknown person who broke into their house.

I have to say that I didn't understand my mother either, why she simply left my father with us when we were little, but I can understand her now. I'm so sorry I thought she was a bad mother, and I wanted her to get her 'justified' punishment. I've heard especially from them how wonderful she was. Soviet slowly lets me out and kisses me briefly before greeting me: "Good morning, my king! How did you sleep?" "Fantastic!", I answer happily and hug him again. He giggles happily and I ask: "And how did my emperor sleep?" "Fantastic!", he says happily, wrapping his large, fluffy wings around me.

We know we're both emperors, but I didn't like being called 'empress' by Soviet, which is why I told him he should call me 'king.' I had allowed him, but probably jokingly, to call me 'empress' if we could have children of our own, but after so many attempts, we've long since decided that's not possible. But at least it feels good. He kisses me and I'm joking. I press myself to his lips and take his hands. With a kiss, it's impossible to say no. At some point, I take my lips away from him and snuggle up to his cheek.

He puts his arms around my back and pulls me closer, while I rest my head on his shoulder. He's so warm and cuddly. I stroke my hands over his warm chest. He hums in a relaxed manner, which is incredibly sweet. He's like a giant teddy bear, especially because of how hairy he is. I know it's weird, but I like his hairiness.

Unfortunately, I'm not hairy and I'm not entirely sure why, but I blame it on becoming invisible. At least one of us is that cuddly, because being as close as we are, it's almost like everything one has, the other has, too.

For example, with two toothbrushes. We usually only use one together, mine, even though we have two, and we only use both when we go to bed together. Anyway, we share everything. We also have different meal times now, a taster and we're ahead of everyone else in the hall because of the poisoning I got back when I saved Soviet. Still, I'm naturally afraid something like that could happen again. I stroke his chest and play with his hair a bit, while looking at him and placing my lips on his.

Then I hear knocking and I sit down normally before Alexander comes over to wake us up for breakfast or like today, just let us know. "Your Imperial Highnesses, breakfast will be ready in 10 minutes.", he announces. "We'll be there!", I tell him with a smile before he nods and leaves the room. I lay my head back on Soviet's chest and look up at him, which makes him chuckle cheerfully. He kisses me briefly and says: "Let's get dressed." I nod and hesitantly stand up. Why is it so cold again?! I waddle to our large closet and get my blue jacket, my light blue vest, my purple shorts, and my purple pants.

Walking through your own castle without looking particularly pretty is normal here. I quickly notice how the room brightens and I look over to Soviet, who is moving the thick curtains. When the light falls on Kira, she grumbles in annoyance and puts her paw over her eyes, which makes me giggle. I can totally relate! The light in the morning is annoying! Soviet takes care of the rest of the curtains while I get dressed. He then gets dressed, too and fully dressed, I kiss his cheek before leaving the room as usual to wake our children. I go to Austria first, who is still fast asleep. Giggling slightly, I walk over to her and sit on her bed before kissing her cheek, waking her up.

I tell her: "Good morning, my darling, breakfast is ready!" She smiles and says: "Good morning, Dad!" She rubs her eyes and I smile happily at her. When she opens her eyes, she smiles tiredly and stretches out her arms for a hug, which I gladly give her. She is very

happy about it and I am happy too. We let go again and say to her: "Get up and get dressed!" She nods and sits down. I get up and leave her room. I already wake up Germany, Russia, Ukraine, Georgia, Belarus, Federal Republic of Germany and Latvia before I see Soviet again and our children leave their rooms.

We go ahead downstairs and one child after another follows. We sit down at the large table, and one dish after another is served to us. Then the rest of the castle's inhabitants arrive and we have a relaxed breakfast together. As always, we enjoy the delicious food and everyone praises the chef. Soviet and I praise everyone who works for us because everyone does such a great job, and ultimately, we want to be nice to our employees. We then go outside with our children and play together in the garden, where we have a playground, but also several places to just rest and relax.

There's also a small pond, but ever since I tried to catch a swimming beetle and it bit my hand, I haven't been keen on going in there. I know it just felt threatened, but I'm worried it might happen again by accident. I have no complaints about the depth or visibility because I can stand and the water is clear. I sit down on the bench with Soviet and relax. Unfortunately, I wasn't watching Kira for a brief moment and she goes swimming in the pond again. Every now and then, I'm not sure if she's a dog or a seal. She often behaves around water as if it were her habitat.

She paddles happily and our children enjoy it. I spot a shimmering green dragonfly, which reminds me of the past. I'm so happy and relieved to have it all behind me. But the dragonfly looks beautiful. The insect lands on the tallest reed and I see Hungary running toward it. It flies off in a different direction. He runs after it, but he can't keep up, which makes me giggle. The insect is too fast and has wings. He won't be able to catch it. Hungary gives up and runs after a bee at a safe distance. To be on the safe side, I call out to him: "Hungary, please watch the bee."

Chapter 3

"I will!", he says. I sit down on a bench, stay still and listen to nature and the children. Everything is so quiet. I hear footsteps coming towards me and someone sits down next to me, which of course is my husband because he puts his arm around me and is probably relaxing too. I hear Belarus laughing, I hear a woodpecker in the distance and a few blackbirds and sparrows chirping in the trees near us. I can hear bumblebees buzzing, probably buzzing with the bees near the beautiful flowers in our garden. A breeze rustles the leaves, but somehow I get a strange feeling and somehow and out of nowhere I also get scared.

This has never happened to me before and I open my eyes and look around, where out of the corner of my eye I see a shadowy figure hiding at the side of the window in the distance. I've been imagining this nonsense for a while, it's annoying! I keep thinking that there is something there and I am afraid of it, even though there is nothing there, which is very annoying. "Is everything okey, Reich?", asks Soviet. I reassure him: "Yes, everything is okey, my eyes are just playing games with me again!" I snuggle up to his chest again and he puts a wing around me. I cuddle and snuggle up to him. He puts both arms around me and I rest on his chest.

His strong breathing is like the beat of a quiet song that I can feel throughout my body. I love him! I snuggle up to him and then enjoy the pleasant peace with him. I love my life with my wonderful family! I am so glad that I have already left hell behind me... I just have to remember my brother again. I still miss him, but once a month we go to his grave, where I try to talk to his soul, because he is still haunting me and his soul still cannot find peace after his sudden death a few years ago. I would like to make sure that he can finally let go and float away into a new life.

Hopefully he knows by now that his children are good. Soviet brings me out of my thoughts with a kiss. I giggle happily and kiss him back. Then I get a brief, comfortable hug, which I return. I

press myself against him and remove my lips from his to lay my head on his shoulder. He puts his arms tighter around me and I kiss his cheek gently. Soviet hugs me tighter and I smile more. Shortly after, he surprises me when he picks me up. I cling to him and he gently carries me to the most beautiful spot in the whole garden before he puts me down and sits behind me before lifting me onto his lap.

Shortly after, I lean against him. He gently kisses the back of my head before laying his head on mine and looking at our children who are happily playing around. Everything is so beautifully calm. I am so lucky to have such an incredible family! I really enjoy my life with him. I lean more on Soviet, who wraps his wings around me like a blanket. So nice! "Mom, Dad, come play with me!", they then ask us. I then get up and run with them before Soviet follows me and we run together. We play catch before I get too exhausted and say to my family: "I'm going to get us some water to drink!" They are either happy or they don't even notice before I go inside to the door.

I go down the hall and as I pass the kitchen I see the last thing I want to see. Fire! The stove has a high fire. Panic rises rapidly in me. The fire seems to be getting bigger and bigger for me, while all I can pay attention to are the flames. I can already feel the heat from them on my body and how they want to devour me. Everything is like it was back then! I'm tied to a pole while the fire climbs up to devour me while my father just watches and there's an audience there and that fire is there to reward me painfully to tear my life away.

Suddenly I'm touched on the shoulders, which makes me flinch strongly and I look in shock at the person who fortunately turns out to be my husband. "Reich, what's wrong? You're shaking all over and you were staring into the kitchen?", he asks. I look back at the kitchen where someone is cooking on the stove. So it wasn't a big fire? Just the small flames from the stove? I hug Soviet. The stress is still in my body. I want to calm myself down with our hug, which works well. He strokes my wings, which makes my feathers stand up and then I feel very good. "The flames on the stove caused this strange reaction.", I answer my husband.

He then asks me: "Shall we go get the water together?" I nod and he lifts me up, which makes me giggle and feel better. Luckily I have my Soviet! He always makes me feel better and is always there for me. But did I really stare at a stove for so long that I took Soviet too long? Besides, why am I so afraid of a few small flames? I've always had problems with fire, but never like this one. Are those bad experiences still so deeply ingrained in my bones?